

Lil' Bow Wow F/ Fabolous, Fundisha, Jermaine Dupri

"Killa Queens"

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Yeah Yeah, Yeah, grab the pump pump (yeah)
It's on we 'bout to thump thump

[NOYD verse]

Well if I jump I feel bad luck upon me
Make me grab my pump and call my Brook-Lyn army
We buy QB to NC
Niggas don't want it
Debate to the G's and the west all on it
We all flaunt it guns & chicks
And all my thuns rhyme holding their dicks
With a nine on their side from hip to hip
You know the mobb niggas is sick and stay bent
Twist it get right, me and my guns is tight
And we both heated when the funds aint right
Because we know someone getting stuck tonight
Before I crash I'm a fuck me some ass tonight
With a pocket full of dough
The bottle of the dro
With dreams of fucking some R&B hoe
They call me N-O-Y-D baby
From QB baby don't hate me
We live, I rep Queens

[Chorus: repeat 2X]

NOYD: Queens!

Godfather: Where niggas they get caught up in
between guns

NOYD: Queens!

Godfather: Casino cash, cream killa Queens thun

NOYD: Queens!

Godfather: Where I live, what I rep

NOYD: QB thun, Queens!

Godfather: The Mobb rep

NOYD: Queens!

Godfather: You know we rep

[Ty Knitty verse]

I blow dro in Q-boro
Ain't nothing change same boro
Just more places now

I'm tatoood up now
Still rep 41st, 'til I be put up in the hearst (you heard?)
Even after that yo my daughter and my son 'gon live on
7, 1, 8 zip code triple 1, O,1
A yo its queens, money, whips and fiends
Bald heads and fades, du rags and waves
Can't forget about braids
Niggas don't rock like us
Ain't no hood like us
A yo I rep QB 'til I R.I.P
96 buildings 6 blocks in QB
Everyday is like a movie, so you know we had to pursuit
it
First joint "murda muzik"
A yo y'all niggas 'gon feel it
The hood is running wild
Every clique 'gon throw it up
Y'all know what up
Queens don't give a fuck

[Chorus 2X]

[Twin Gambino verse]

Queensbridge, and thats how it is
If I can't I get you I'm a bring it to your kids
Your moms, whatever it takes to strike back
I'll be waiting in your crib with the mack
Black gloves, no mask so you can see my face
And realize QB ain't playing no games
We think long range
So we can ride for the kids
And look out for my niggas up north doing bids

[Prodigy of Mobb Deep verse]

Thun we'll stop your shine, we Queens niggas
Plus my Bed-Stuy niggas will shoot up your medinas
We the black entrepenuers we the black mobb
I told you it was more real than words can muster
I see you faggots don't listen wanna bite my shit
You better walk with security my niggas dump clips
Catch you with your rap clique, and beat the shit out
y'all
You could have a 30 deep entourage
You could have guns galore, shanks and more
We can bang to the EMS come and haul us off
I could give a fuck for what projects you ride for
We got dogs out there and we not scared
Nigga I'm not the one, we not the team
Matter fact don't even wirte me back see me in the
streets
See me at the next show

Catch me at the club
We terrorize y'all niggas thun

[Chorus 4X]

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